DEVOTED TO TEMPERANCE, SCIENCE, EDUCATION, AND LITERATURE.

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AN ARAB SHEIK.

Here we have an Arab chieftain, or Sheik. He is the head of his tribe, and, as his name denotes, a man of authority.

But the Arabs are a very independent race, principally living in tents, and moving about from place to place with their flocks and horses, having no fixed abode, and acknowledging no sovereignty and the right of no man to control them; so that whatever power a Sheik may have, is rather from his personal influence than from any clearly defined legal authority. The government of a tribe is hereditary in the family of each Sheik, but elective as to the particular individual appointed; but the allegiance of the tribe consists more in following his example as a leader than in obeying his commands, and if dissatisfied with his government they will depose or abandon him.

Among the Arabs the Sheik, or "elder," is always to be found; every village, however small, every separate quarter of a town, has a Sheik, in whom is lodged the executive power of government—a power of more or less extent, according to the personal influence or wealth of the individual who wields it.

A village Sheik is a sort of head magistrate and chief of police, or like a sheriff of old times. But the Sheik has no fixed income, nor does he often derive any material profit from his position. He is usually a landed proprietor, sometimes a merchant, but always a person of distinction, as his dress, arms, and bearing denote.

In the war in the Soudan the Sheiks have played a very important part, some of them having been staunch friends to the English, and others—followers of the Mahdi, or False Prophet—having been some of our most stubborn foes.

In person an Arab Sheik is usually a remarkably handsome man, being a fine specimen of his race—tall, lithe, well-formed, dark-eyed and dark-haired, scrupulously clean in person, and with an air of nobility and conscious dignity about him which none can fail to be impressed by.—*Sunday Reading.*

AN ARAB SHEIK.

THE TRAVELLER'S TREE.

A European traveller, on his way from the coast of Madagascar to the capital, Tananarivo, in the interior, had emptied his water-flask, and was suffering from thirst. He asked one of the natives of his party when he should be able to obtain water. "Any time you like," said the native, smiling. The European saw no sign of springs or water; but the natives conducted him to a group of tall, palm-like trees standing in a cluster on the edge of the forest, with straight trunks and bright green, broad leaves, growing from the opposite sides of the stalk, and making the tree appear like a great fan. The white man gazed admiringly at the tree. "You think it is a fine tree," said the native, "but I will show you what it is good for."

He pierced the root of one of the leaf-stems, at the point where it joined the tree, with his spear, whereupon a stream of clear water spurted out, which the European caught in his water-can, and found cool, fresh, and excellent to drink.

The party having satisfied their thirst and taken a supply, the native who had spoken went on: "This tree, which is good for us in more ways than one, we call the traveller's tree."

"But where does the water come from that the tree contains?" asked the white man. "Is it taken up from the soil?"

"Oh, no," said the native. "The leaves drink in the rain that falls on them, and when it has passed all through them, it becomes very pure and sweet."

"And are there many of these trees on the island?"

"There are so many that sometimes one sees no other trees for a mile; and very often we take no provision of water when we travel, because we know that we shall find the traveller's tree."

"And you say there are other things that they are good for?"

The native answered by asking another question.

"Do you remember," he said, "the village that we passed through this morning, with its wooden huts roofed over with leaves? Those huts were made of nothing but the traveller's tree. The wood splits easily, but makes tough planks for floors, and the walls of the houses are made of the bark.

"With the branches we make the rafters, and the leaves cover the roof. But this is not all that the good tree does. We are coming soon to a village whose people I know, and I will show you more."

The native was eager in his haste to show to the traveller what the tree still had in store for him, and the European, for his part, felt no little curiosity. They arrived soon at the village, and the guide conducted the traveller to the hut of a friend, who received them very hospitably, and soon spread a meal for them.

First he placed upon a sort of table a spread made of some vegetable substance, very light and pretty; then he set before his guests two drinking vessels of a material which the white man did not recognize; and then he gave them two utensils, which, although rude in shape, served in the stead of knife and fork.

In the midst of the table he placed a large bowl, filled with cream of very appetizing appearance. In another vessel there was a quantity of oil, with almonds floating upon it.

"Before we begin," said the guide, "I must tell you what I promised. Everything that there

is upon this table comes from the traveller's tree. You see this table-cloth? It is made of the fibres of the leaves of the tree.

"These drinking cups, these plates, these knives, are made of the wood or the bark of the tree. What you take to be cream is a dish made of the seeds of the tree, pounded up with meal, and mixed with a kind of milk drawn from the trunk of the tree.

"What you think are almonds are little cakes made of these seeds, and the oil is pressed from the skin or shuck of the seed. As for the water you are about to drink, you know that already. And we get not only these things, but some of the people of Madagascar have made a kind of cloth that they wear out of the fibre of the wood."—*Youth's Companion.*

MR. CAMIO'S VISIT.

BY MEADE MIDDLETON.

"I wish that I could see them, and not just read about them," said Eunice, glancing at the picture of a Japanese family. "Now, what can you tell from this? Are they at the dinner-table?"

"If you are willing, I will invite Mr. Camio to tea. You can ask him about his people," said Philip. "Shall I, mother?"

"Yes, dear, certainly; your friends are always welcome," replied his mother.

"Ask Mr. Camio to tea!" cried Eunice, much surprised.

"What! the little Japanese gentleman at the University?" exclaimed Lucy. "I shall not know how to behave!"

"Perhaps he would not care to come," said Julia.

"Yes; I am sure that he would," said Philip. "He is a fine fellow, and a gentleman."

"Is he a Christian?" asked Julia.

"I don't know," said Philip, reluctant to make this confession of ignorance. "I ought to know more about him."

"He will not be in our Christian land much longer," said Philip's mother.

And so it was decided to ask Mr. Camio for the next evening.

Meanwhile, Julia was having certain thoughts. She had decided, only a short time before this, that she ought never to lose an opportunity to speak for Christ. This young stranger would come and go. Probably she would never see him again. But what could she say to him? She was sorry that he was coming.

The next evening came, and with it Mr. Camio, to tea. They were all pleased with his easy, graceful manners and intelligent conversation; and he certainly had every reason to be charmed with the friendly hospitality of the American family.

After tea, Eunice ventured to show him the picture of the Japanese group. This seemed to please him very much. He noticed everything in the picture, and explained what Eunice had called the hieroglyphics. He seemed to know just what the people were doing, almost what they were talking about. The girls felt as though they had been introduced into a Japanese family.

After tea, they went into the library, and sat around the bright coal-fire, eager to hear all that Mr. Camio would tell them about his people.

"You are kind," he said, "to let me talk about my home. You may not want to listen long."

"Oh, yes! you cannot tell us too much," they said.

Eunice was sorry that she did not understand shorthand. She wanted to be out of sight somewhere, able to take notes.

It wasn't in the least stupid to hear him tell about Japan—how it lies far in the Eastern Ocean, a proud little empire, willing only a short time ago to have any intercourse with other countries. He had a pleasant way, too, of telling about the hills and valleys, the fruits and flowers, and all the other natural attractions of his home. He was much entertained when they laughed at the queer customs of his people.

"What was the book that he advised us to read?" Eunice asked, the next day.

"Oh! he said that 'The Sunrise Kingdom' would tell us many true things about Japan."

Mr Camio did not speak of the missionaries. Julia, perhaps, was the only one who noticed this—unless Philip thought about it also. Indeed, he began to feel that he had much to regret in his intercourse with this young stranger.

Philip spoke of expecting to go to Japan, when he should have finished his university course.

"It will be pleasant to have you visit us," said Mr. Camio.

"It will be more than a visit," said Philip. "I expect to spend my life there."

Mr. Camio was too polite to seem curious, and yet he ventured to ask if Philip were going into business in Japan, or if he would teach in the Government schools.

"No; I expect to go as a minister of the gospel," said Philip.

"Oh! as a missionary to my people," said the young man, smiling and bowing. "It is true that you call us heathen, and you bring your Bible to us."

Lucy wondered why he did not say the Bible, or our Bible. Julia felt that her question was answered.

When, after a delightful evening, Mr. Camio rose to leave, he had a pleasant word and a Japanese souvenir for each.

Julia had something for him. It was a dainty little book, with the title "Come to Jesus." She handed it to him, saying, timidly: "Will you read this, and accept its invitation?"

He glanced at the name, and said: "Thank you. Do you believe in him?"—pointing to the name Jesus.

"Oh, yes!" cried Julia, earnestly. "What would become of me if I did not? In whom else could I believe?"

"I believe you," he replied, warmly. "But you are the first one in this Christian land who has said a word like this to me; and I have wondered whether the people think in their hearts as they say in their churches. I will read this; and I will look in your Bible to find out about him."

"It is your Bible, just as truly as it is ours," said Julia, wondering at her own courage.

When the young stranger had gone, she thanked the Master, who had given her strength to do a very hard thing.—*S. S. Times.*

SHINING.

Ledlie was a young boy endeavoring to walk the "narrow path." The verse, "Let your light so shine before men that they may see your good works and glorify your father which is in Heaven," had been fully explained to him by his teacher some weeks before, and now, this morning, while reading his Bible, he came across the passage again. Somehow, he and the verse were antagonistic this clear, bright morning; for some reason he did not feel like doing what it suggested. His thoughts ran on in this manner:

"I don't feel much like letting my light shine this morning; if I did, I suppose I would stay at home and help mother, now that Biddy has gone. I don't see what she means to leave mother, without a day's warning, too. Mother looks pale this morning, but then that isn't anything unusual; I believe mother 'most always does look pale. My! but won't we have a grand time coasting! We are to meet at the red mill on the hill—that's a rhyme—at nine o'clock. My! but I will have to hurry; it's after eight now. What a late breakfast this morning! I believe mother must have been disturbed last night again with this restless little Tom. There! he is squalling again, and there goes mother after him. Dear me! how tired her eyes look! If I were mother I'd spank that Tom until he'd stop bothering me. There's Jim Thompson whistling already."

Ledlie ran out to meet Jim Thompson. "Why Jim," he said, "I hardly expected you: I thought you said your folks were sick?"

"So they are," answered Jim crossly. "Mother said I ought to stay at home and help, but she did not say I had to, and I'm not going to be tied to apron-strings all my life."

"Let your light shine!" Conscience said to Ledlie. "But, O, the boys will have such fun, and the men at the mill are to give us a treat at ten o'clock, and this is such a glorious day!" pleaded Self.

"Let your light shine!" Conscience spoke again. "The other boys wouldn't stay home if forty Biddies were gone," argued Self. "Mother can get along some way; she always does."

"Let your light shine!" louder called Conscience. "O my! what a selfish, mean fellow I am, pretending to be a Christian, and then wanting to run off and leave mother alone, when she doesn't look able to be out of bed! I won't go a step. So there! Perhaps Jim'll stay at home, too, if I do."

These were Ledlie's repentant thoughts Then aloud he said: "Jim, I'm not going to coast this morning. Biddy has gone and mother needs me. She has only two hands to do all the work with, and take care of that Tom, who ought to have been named 'North-easter.'"

"But the hill is all aglow with ice, and we're to run races, and have oysters and coffee afterward. You wouldn't miss such a good time, would you, Ledlie?" asked Jim, in a surprised tone.

"I tell you what; I wouldn't miss it for a good deal, Jim. But, don't you see, while we were having such a good time, our mothers would be going through a pretty bad time. I say, Jim, let's resolve ourselves into a committee of two to help our mothers."

Jim looked rather downcast at the proposition; he thought there was altogether too much difference between a grand coasting frolic and the home where his mother sat in her rocking-chair, with her head bandaged in hopes of relieving neuralgic headache, and his little sisters coughing themselves almost blind with whooping-cough. But he was soon convinced that the right thing was to stay at home; so about the same time that Ledlie hung his skates up in his closet, Jim walked into the sitting room of his home.

"What brings you back so soon, my son?" asked his mother wearily.

"I've come home to take care of the little girls, mother. I shan't stir a step out of the house this afternoon. Go upstairs, mother, where you can't hear them cough, and rest your head. I'll promise to amuse them as they haven't been amused for many a day."

This was all so new to Jim's mother that the tears rushed to her eyes. "O, Jim!" that was all she said as she left the room to seek a quiet spot. She fell asleep soon after, wondering what had come over Jim.

As for Ledlie, he spent the morning doing housework and taking care of Tom—doing "girls' work," as some would-be manly boys would have expressed it. He wiped the breakfast dishes, swept the kitchen floor, filled the water pitchers, and then coaxed his mother to lie down and leave Tom to him. Weary, almost exhausted with work, and an almost sleepless night with teething Tom, she fell asleep, not to awaken until the noon bell pealed. Her headache had passed away. She felt refreshed and strengthened, but somewhat disturbed at having slept so long. It was nearly lunch time; her husband would be coming in and nothing ready. She hastened downstairs, reaching the dining-room first. Much to her surprise, she found the table all ready for lunch—not only the dishes upon it, but neatly sliced ham, a plate of butter, evenly cut bread, the boiled eggs peeled and garnished with parsley. Her heart felt very tender, her eyes grew moist. Had Ledlie been so thoughtful? She opened the door into the siting-room; Tom was sitting in Ledlie's lap, and Ledlie was showing him a funny picture he had drawn on a slate.

"Dood Leddy!" Tom cried out to his mother. 'Me love Leddy more'n tongue can tell."

"Tom has been real good, mother; he had a nice nap, too. I got the lunch ready while he was asleep."

It was then that Ledlie's mother went up to him, put her hand lovingly under his chin, kissed him tenderly, and echoed her baby's cry:

"My good Ledlie, mother certainly loves you more than tongue can tell."

Towards evening Jim Thompson came over to Ledlie's. "I'm glad we didn't go coasting, Led. One of the boys broke his leg, and two more were hurt, and the oysters were only a joke. Besides" (and a flush of feeling crept into Jim's face), "I think it pays to help mothers; and, Led, I must tell you something mother said of you. I told her it was through you I learned my duty, and then I told her—just to make her laugh—about you calling Tom a 'North-easter.' She said, whatever little Tom was, she thought you were a south wind, for it was through your influence that a breath of balmy, fragrant air came into her life—that's poetic, isn't it?—but that's what mother said."—*Selected.*

A YOUNG LADY TEACHER, who had seemed to secure a remarkable control over her Sunday-school class, was asked the secret of her success, and said quietly, "All I know about it is that I love them and they love me." Is not here a secret well worth finding out? How many of us so love our scholars that they love us in return largely from the very earnestness of our love for them? Wherever this is true, it is a long step towards our leading them to Him who is love itself.—*Congregationalist.*

SCHOLARS' NOTES.

(*From International Question Book.*)

LESSON XII.—JUNE 19.

THE COMMANDMENTS.—EX. 20: 12-21.

COMMIT VERSES 12-17.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself.—Matt. 22:39.

CENTRAL TRUTH.

The sum of our duties to men is to love others as we love ourselves.

DAILY READINGS.

M. Ex. 20: 1-21.
T. Eph. 6: 1-17.
W. Matt. 5: 17-26.
Th. Matt. 5: 27-48.
F. Jas. 3: 1-18.
Sa. 1 Tim. 6: 1-21.
Su. Rev. 21: 1-27.

HELPS OVER HARD PLACES.

THE FIFTH COMMANDMENT (v. 12). HONOR—treat with reverence love, and obedience. FATHER AND MOTHER—both are to be equally obeyed. We are required to honor (1) parents, (2) the aged, (3) teachers, (4) those in authority. THAT THY DAYS MAY BE LONG—implying also prosperity and happiness. Disobedience to parents leads to those habits and crimes which shorten life and destroy happiness. SIXTH COMMANDMENT (v. 13)—this forbids (1) murder, (2) whatever injures our lives, as intemperance, gluttony, uncleanliness, (3) whatever injures the lives of others, (4) anger and hate, the spirit which leads to murder. (Matt. 5: 21-25.) SEVENTH COMMANDMENT (v. 14)—here are forbidden (1) all sensual deeds, (2) all sensual thoughts, (3) those things which arouse base and unclean feelings, as theatres, most dancing, obscene pictures and picture papers, (4) vile reading in papers or books, (5) lewd stories. EIGHTH COMMANDMENT (v. 15)—here all dishonesty is forbidden, (1) taking what does not belong to us, (2) false returns of taxes or custom house duties, (3) neglect of our part in matters of public good, as libraries, churches, (4) selling goods under false labels and under measure, (5) giving too small wages, (6) not earning as we agree the wages we receive, (7) beating down prices too low, (8) gambling, raffling, lotteries, (9) all business that injures others' lives and property, as selling intoxicating liquors. NINTH COMMANDMENT (v. 16)—this forbids (1) lying, (2) slander, (3) speaking what is bad of our neighbor, even when true, without some real need of doing it, (4) hypocrisy, (5) acting lies, (6) gossiping, (7) misrepresenting others, (8) not being careful to find out whether what we say is true. TENTH COMMANDMENT (v. 17)—this strikes at the root of all the other sins forbidden,—coveting. TO COVET (1) is not a mere desire for more and better things; (2) it is an over-strong desire for more, that is willing to gain for self at the expense of others, or at the expense of higher and better things. It is a root of all evil. It is cured (1) by cultivating gospel contentment, (2) by coveting earnestly the best things, usefulness, love, clear conscience, nearness to God, (3) by love to man, (4) by love to God. 18. SAW THE THUNDERINGS—all this was to impress the danger of breaking the law. 21. MOSES DREW NEAR—he went up into the mount to receive further commands from God.

QUESTIONS.

INTRODUCTORY.—When and where were the ten commandments given? By whom? On what were they written? Which were on the first table? Why were these placed first? What is the sum of them all? Which were on the second table? How is the fifth commandment a natural transition from the first to the second table?

SUBJECT: OUR DUTIES TO MEN.

I. THE FIFTH COMMANDMENT (v. 12).—What is the fifth commandment? What is it to honor? Is honor required equally for father and mother? Name some ways in which you can honor them. Name some things that dishonor them. Show how the aged, teachers, and rulers are included in this command. How ought we to treat the old? What does Paul say of this command? (Eph. 6: 1-7.) What promise is annexed? How does disobedience tend to shorten life and lead to crime? What examples of obedience can you give from the Bible? Of disobedience?

II. THE SIXTH COMMANDMENT (v. 13).—Repeat it. What things are forbidden in this command? What things are required? What does Christ say of it? (Matt. 5: 21-25.) How do anger and hate break this command?

III. THE SEVENTH COMMANDMENT (v. 14).—Repeat it. What chief institution of God is this meant to guard? Show what kind of reading, pictures and stories break this command. Do theatres and dancing break it? Show the danger of impure thoughts?

IV. THE EIGHTH COMMANDMENT (v. 15).—Repeat it. Name various things forbidden in this command. How do lotteries and gambling break it? Is it ever right to play "for fair"?

V. THE NINTH COMMANDMENT (v. 16).—Repeat it. What is it to bear false witness? Is it right to tell what is bad about people, even if it is true? In what ways may lies be acted? Name the things forbidden here. What does this command require of us?

VI. THE TENTH COMMANDMENT (v. 17).—Repeat it. What is it to covet? Distinguish it from the desire for more, which is the root of progress. How is coveting the root of other sins? (1 Tim. 6: 9, 10.) What does Paul call covetousness? (Eph. 5: 5.) How may covetousness be cured?

THE HOUSEHOLD.

YOUNG HOUSEHOLDS.

Too many young people of the present day rush into matrimony without considering whether their income will warrant many of the luxuries, which they, having been always accustomed to, look upon as necessities. There is an idea prevalent that they must start upon precisely the same scale as their parents are leaving off, the result being that men dread matrimony more and more, and girls exalt the delights of a single life devoted to art or higher culture. Almost every one has heard the cry, "can we possibly marry on so and so?" People whose love for one another is greater than their common sense. By setting yourself resolutely, and the right way to work, you can live on pretty much any income that is really an income; still it is scarcely judicious for young people to rush into matrimony on an income that entails living on a scale immensely inferior to the one they have been brought up in. At the same time many a girl brought up in the lap of luxury has developed, through her love, into a superlatively good poor man's wife, but the experiment is a risky one. If a young couple feel that their love is of a sufficiently robust nature to survive trials as long as they are shared, then Heaven speed them. But in these cases do not rush into your new career. Examine it well, and, before embarking on it, take a little time to learn the things that will fit you for it, and which you may learn easily beforehand, but will have to acquire painfully and wearily later on. The first question is a house, it is simply impossible to give a hard and fast rule on this point, for circumstances alter cases so much; remember, however, that house rent is only one of many expenses. If money has been laid aside for furnishing there are many needs that will not be thought of until the articles are required in daily life, even after you have, as you think, fully and completely furnished your home. Sickness is an expense that must always be considered, and a certain portion of each year's income should be put aside so as to meet this need if it comes. One great mistake young wives on limited incomes are apt to make is to relinquish all their accomplishments, sinking, as they think, their whole lives in their housework. Now this is not what attracted their husbands, nor is it necessary. An intelligent interest in the world around you, the ability and taste for arranging pleasant surroundings, are all so many gifts given you to smooth your own path and that of those around you, and as such should be cultivated and enjoyed. When worries and anxieties increase you will appreciate the rest and refreshment obtainable by looking outside the four walls of your own house, to say nothing of the fact that the pleasanter companion you can make of yourself to your husband and children, the less danger there is of their developing associations and acquaintances that in your eyes, at all events, are not as desirable as might be. In regard to servants it is a difficult matter to decide. With a moderate income these cannot be in numbers and it is better to have young girls and train them in your own ways. We all wish to have our homes nice, and daintily managed; but, unless there be a decidedly good income, this cannot be done unless the mistress is content to put her own hands willingly and skilfully to work. "Wishes wont wash dishes" says an old Scotch proverb; and attending a cookery class, even if the most copious notes be taken, will not make a good cook, much less a good housekeeper. You must condescend to learn the minor and uninteresting details, which are so dry, and appear so unimportant, and yet on which really depends the success of your work. Once you have learned to know what you want, and how to do it, you will have taken a grand step towards being mistress in your own house, and not being under the domestic tyranny of servants. It is not a hopeless task to train a fairly intelligent girl to your own way. Cookery is not an uncertain act; on the contrary, certain definite combinations will bring about certain definite results, just as surely as two and two make four; and any failure should be inquired into, the rule of procedure thoroughly explained, and thenceforward a successful result rigidly insisted upon. If you intend your cuisine to be a good one, you must make your cook understand that directions are to be exactly carried out, and that you will allow no guessing in the preparation of your dishes. No matter how simple and economical your cookery may be have it good of its kind, and see that any requisite addenda are at hand and in order; also teach your cook what flavoring means, for it is a point on which only too many are grossly ignorant. If your means require you to attend to the cooking yourself, do not allow yourself to grow careless, but remember that the time spent in preparing well cooked viands neatly served will add greatly to the comfort and health of the household.—*Godey's Lady's Book.*

WHO IS TO BLAME?

"I never was allowed to have company at home, and so was obliged to seek other places in which to entertain my friends. And as my parents knew nothing about what company I was in, and I had no one to advise me, I was tempted—and—it has come to this."

"This," was a narrow, whitewashed, comfortless prison cell, and the speaker was a young man, so young in years, that few would have considered him little more than a lad. And yet this lad had committed and known more sin than would have been thought possible in one double his years. He had set at defiance the laws of both God and man; and now it had come to this.

I wonder if all parents realize what a terrible risk they run when they refuse to allow their boys and girls to have and entertain their company at home.

And yet how many parents do this very thing, perhaps thoughtlessly, but none the less wrongly. Home is the only proper or safe place in which our sons and daughters may entertain their young friends. And if they are not allowed the privilege of entertaining them at home, who is it that is to blame if they go elsewhere to meet and entertain their friends? And who is to blame if they fall into ways of sin? I think that the parents are certainly very much if not wholly to blame. Young people want young associates, it is only natural that they should, and the wise parent who desires to do his or her duty by the children given them, will never close the doors of home against the children's friends, if they are proper friends for them to have.

I think that parents often unthinkingly fall into the way of closing their doors or gates against the children's companions. It commences when Frankie or Charlie, Gertie or Susie are wee tots; just old enough to run out in the yard to play. The said yard is neatly laid out in flower beds and its walks are kept clean. The children must on no account have other children in the yard to make a litter on the walk, or, perhaps, run across the flower-beds. Then, when the children are old enough to go to school, their friends may come as far as the gate, but no farther; papa and mamma can not have boys romping about the yard, or girls bringing other girls into the house to tattle what its inmates say, and the manner in which they live. So the boys go out into the fields or street, as the case may be, to fly their kites, play marbles, and "pick up" companions of doubtful character. The girls who can not have their friends at home, entertain them elsewhere. And so they drift away from the parents who may imagine that they are doing all that is required or necessary for their children when they give them plenty to eat and drink; plenty of clothes to wear, a nicely furnished house to live in, and a good education.

As the boys grow older, and evenings are spent away from the safe shelter of home because, "The folks won't let me have any of the fellows in the house." Are not the said "folks," i.e., the parents, to blame, if those evenings are spent in the company of doubtful companions, or in places of ill-repute. Or, if our girls are driven to meet their friends at the "corner," or the "depot," or at "Jennie's," or at some other appointed place. Are not we, their parents, to blame if these girls fall into sin? If we, their parents, had opened wide our doors for our children's friends, they would not have been driven upon the street to meet and entertain them. If we, with our greater experience had advised our boys and girls against the more unworthy of their friends, and at the same time extended a cordial, hearty welcome to all in any way worthy of the friendship of these sons and daughters, all would probably have ended well; but if home is made too fine, or considered too good for the children's friends, is it to be wondered at if our girls elope with some unprincipled man, and, perhaps, die of broken hearts in consequence—or, if our boys become criminals and end their days behind the prison bars?—*Mrs. May P. Stafford in Child Culture.*

WAYS OF COOKING SALT PORK.

As salt pork constitutes the principal meat in the farmer's dietary, some novelty in its cookery will be welcome. Most country housekeepers know about soaking it overnight, or scalding it for a few moments before frying it, but the hint will be welcome to such city folk as esteem the dish as a relish. Cut the salt pork thin; either trim off the rind or cut through it at half-inch intervals; put over the fire in plenty of cold water, heat it, and let it boil gently for ten minutes; then dry it on a clean towel, put it in a hot frying-pan, and quickly brown it on both sides; season it with pepper, and serve it with baked potatoes.

The dish may be varied by peeling potatoes, cutting them in halves, and boiling them with the pork, leaving them to finish boiling while the pork is being fried. Usually in the country the drippings of the pork are served as gravy. The dish will be more savory and wholesome if a gravy is made as follows: pour out of the pan all but two tablespoonfuls of the drippings, saving them for frying potatoes; put in a heaping tablespoonful of dry flour, and stir it with the drippings; then gradually stir in either a pint of milk or water or half a pint of each; season the gravy thus made highly with pepper, stir until it boils, and then serve it. This gravy can be made at any time from cold drippings, and served with baked or boiled potatoes or other vegetables; it is excellent for warming with cold chopped vegetables, or to use with bread for the children's supper. Fried mush served with it makes a hearty breakfast or supper dish. Cold fried or boiled pork in slices may be breaded, or rolled in dry flour or Indian meal, or dipped in batter, and fried in plenty of smoking hot drippings. A milk gravy made as directed above is good to serve with it.

A brown gravy is made in the same way, except that the flour is allowed to brown with the drippings before any milk or water is added.

Salt pork can be baked in savory fashion as follows: when milk is abundant, cover a piece of pork with it, and let it soak overnight; the next day, three hours before dinner-time, drain the pork, cut across the rind in opposite directions, so that the surface is covered with scores half an inch square; make deep incisions by running a sharp knife or the carving steel into the pork; moisten some stale bread with some of the milk in which the pork was soaked, season it highly with pepper and powdered sweet herbs, and stuff it tightly into the cuts in the pork; put the pork into a moderate oven, with a little of the milk and a plentiful sprinkling of pepper, and bake it slowly; baste it occasionally with its own drippings, and dredge it with flour. In an hour peel some potatoes and put them into the pan with the pork to bake. When the dish is cooked, serve it with a gravy made from the drippings; take up the pork and potatoes and keep them hot; set the dripping-pan over the fire, stir a heaping tablespoonful of flour into it, gradually add enough of the milk in which the pork was soaked to make a good gravy, season it highly with pepper, and then serve the dish.

An excellent fricassee can be made from salt pork. Cut the pork in pieces an inch square, put it over the fire in plenty of cold water, and let it heat; change the water once or twice if the pork is very salt; in an hour put in an equal quantity of potatoes, peeled and cut in large dice, and a tablespoonful each of butter and flour rubbed to a smooth paste, and then stirred until dissolved in the water in which the pork is boiling; season the sauce thus made with pepper, adding more butter and flour if the first quantity does not make the sauce thick enough; when the potatoes are done, serve the fricassee. To increase the size of the dish, or to vary it when potatoes are not desired, use dumplings made as follows: or from any preferred recipe; sift a pint of flour with a heaping teaspoonful of any good baking powder, or with an even teaspoonful of baking-soda and half that quantity of cream of tartar, half a teaspoonful of salt, and an even saltspoonful of pepper; with cold milk or water quickly mix the flour to a soft dough; wet a tablespoon in the sauce of the fricassee, and use it to drop the dough by the spoonful into the sauce, wetting the spoon before cutting each dumpling; cover the saucepan after all are in, and boil the fricassee gently and steadily for twenty minutes; then serve it hot.

Chicken fricassee can be varied by rolling the chicken in flour, after it is cut in joints, and frying it with enough drippings to prevent burning, and one onion, peeled and sliced, to each chicken; when the chicken is brown, cover it with boiling water, season it palatably with salt and pepper, and slowly cook until tender. Dumplings may be added, as to the pork fricassee. The old-fashioned chicken pot-pie was cooked in a round-bottomed iron pot, the sides of which were lined with crust, over a very slow fire, or in hot ashes and embers, or in the oven until the crust was brown; usually the crust did not cover the bottom of the pot, because of the danger of burning. The chicken was sometimes stewed tender in gravy before it was put into the crust, and the sides of the pot were buttered to assist the browning of the crust.

RECIPES.

STEWED TOMATOES.—Put one quart of canned tomatoes in a saucepan; season with minced onion, salt, pepper, and a little sugar; stew half an hour. Add stale bread crumbs and butter, cook half an hour longer.

MACARONI.—Take six ounces of macaroni and boil tender; put in a pudding dish, spread butter over the bottom, then macaroni and cheese until the dish is full; pour cream to cover over it, and bake half an hour.

MINCED CABBAGE.—Shave cabbage fine; to one quart add a tablespoonful of melted butter, a teacup of cream, tablespoonful of vinegar, with a little mustard, pepper and salt. Put the dressing over the fire and stir; when thick, pour over the cabbage.

RICE PUDDING.—Boil one cup of rice for half an hour, then pour in a quart of milk and simmer slowly. Put in four teacups; let cool and take out; lay on a dish; on the top of each make an opening with a spoon and fill with jelly; then pour into the dish a rich custard.

MUFFINS.—Mix one pint of milk, two eggs, teaspoonful of salt, a tablespoonful of melted butter and lard, teaspoonful of baking-powder, one quart of flour. Beat well together. Have ready heated muffin-moulds, grease well, fill with batter and bake brown.

A CONVENIENT LETTER-HOLDER.—Take bristol board of cream color, of any pretty pattern, and cut a large diamond, rounding the corners a little. About eight inches long and five inches wide is good proportions for the back. For the fronts, cut two pieces to fit the lower half of the back, wide enough to set out a little so as to make a pocket and meet in front. Pink all the pieces with a pinking-iron, then on the fronts and upper part of the back past a pretty decalcomanie picture, either a bouquet or a beautiful head, or place a head in the upper part of the back, and a bouquet in the two fronts would be in good taste. Fasten together with narrow ribbon to match the prominent color in your pictures, leaving a little bow on the front of each corner. This is very pretty indeed, and easily made.

PUZZLES.

BURIED CITIES.

1. In what part of Virginia is Port Royal? 2. I told Sara to gather you a bunch of pink roses. 3. When the stock reaches par Isabel wants to sell her shares. 4. Who is that girl on Donald's sled? 5. At Hensey's they sell skates very cheaply. 6. Seven ice skaters were contending for the prize. 7. What did you do with the white dove Rob brought you?

CHARADES.

1.

My first is sweet and nice to taste, if juicy or if dried,
And in my second 'tis no waste if plenty of them hide
Take out my second, steaming hot, upon a festal day,
And round my whole be not afraid if liquid fire should play.

2.

My whole is a useful list. My first a household pet.
My second the least of the articles. My third from the woods you get.

ENIGMA.

My first is in black, but not in gray.
My second is in light, but not in ray.
My third is in sand, but not in mud.
My fourth is in calyx, but not in bud.
My fifth is in rank, but not in file.
My sixth is in bright, but not in smile.
My seventh is in violet and in rose.
My eighth in robe, but not in clothes.
My ninth is in rake, but not in hoe.
My tenth is in hurry, but not in go.
My whole is a fruit we love to pick
When the summer brings it sweet and thick.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN LAST NUMBER.

1. Jury.
2. Grass.

The Family Circle.

WHO BIDS FOR THE CHILDREN?

Who bids for the children,—who?
"We do," says Folly and Sin,
"We want them body and soul,
We bid, and we mean to win."

Who next for the children bids?
"I do," the brewer replies;
"I want them to drink my beer,
I care not for parents' sighs."

Who next for the children bids?
"I," the wine merchant cries;
"I want them to buy my wines,
To make the revenue rise."

"Stay! stay!" the distillers cry,
"We bid on behalf of the Queen;
We want them to drink our rum,
Champagne, and brandy, and gin."

"I bid for them," Satan says,
"But I need not push my claim;
If one or the other buys,
They'll come to me all the same."

The parents in sore alarm,
Cry out for their girls and boys;
"What right have our statesmen to ask,
Of our children who bids? who buys?

"What right have those men to sell
Our boys and our girls so dear?
What right to license to kill,
Full sixty-thousand a year?"

But again the cry, "who bids?"
The teachers say, "We will,"
But we cannot give you cash,
Your gaping chests to fill.

"But we will give ourselves,
To teach them how to shun
The dangers of the road,
On which they have to run."

"We bid for the boys and girls,"
The temperance workers cry;
"We seek to bless them all,
And end the parents' sigh.

"We grieve to see the woe,
In which the drinkers grope,
So try to guard the young,
Within our Bands of Hope.

"So let our statesmen try
If this won't pay the best
To stop the expense of crime,
Fair trade will earn the rest."

The Christian church exclaims,
"Let me the children gain,
To save from sin and grief,
And everlasting pain."

And hark! The Saviour bids,
"To Me let children come;
I gave My life for these,
To gain their Heaven, their Home."

—*S. B. S., in English Paper.*

CHARLIE'S WISH.

By Mrs. Walton, author of "Christie's Old Organ," etc.

There they sat, in rows in the schoolroom. Their mouths were open, though it was not dinner-time, and they were leaning forward, as if there was something very beautiful to see. But, if you had turned round to look at what the children were gazing, you would have seen nothing but a short, stout man, standing on a platform.

The fact was, the children were listening, and listening so intently, that, as the short stout man said afterwards, they were as quiet as mice.

The short, stout man was a missionary, and he was talking about the land of ice and snow. He was telling the children of people who live in snow-houses and in curious tents made of buffalo hides, of red men with feathers in their hair and dressed in the skins of animals, who spend their time in hunting on the mountains, or fishing in the lakes. He told them that these people knew nothing of God, nor of the home above the blue sky, nor of the Lord Jesus Christ, who shed His blood that they might go there.

Then he spoke of the way in which these poor people had longed to hear more, and how they had grieved when he had been obliged to leave them. He told them that many more missionaries were needed to do the work, and he ended by saying:

"Perhaps some boy here, when grown up to be a man, will give himself to the Lord's work, and will go out to carry the glad news of a Saviour to the poor Red Indians. I wonder," said the missionary, "which of you it will be?"

There was a boy sitting in the second row, who had never been to a missionary meeting before. His name was Charlie Paterson. His father had had a farm up on the hills, a long way from any town, and it was only a year since they had all come to live in Burnister, the seaside place in which the missionary meeting was held. The farm had been given up, for mother was dead, and Aunt Jemima did not understand the butter-making, and father had found some other work, and so they had all removed.

Charlie had not expected to enjoy the missionary meeting at all; he had an idea that all meetings were very dry and stupid. But Aunt Jemima had put a clean collar on him, and Fanny and Maggie and Bob all begged him to go with them. And so here he was; and no one listened more attentively to what was said at the meeting than did Charlie Paterson.

The missionary finished speaking, and the children were surprised when they found the hour was done. Then a hymn was sung, and a plate was carried round, and the pennies and halfpennies went in with a clinking noise. After that, Mr. Dunstable, the clergyman, prayed that God would bless them all, and would help them to remember what they had heard that day; and then the meeting was over, and they all came away.

"I'm going to be a missionary when I'm a man," said Charlie to himself, as he jumped down the schoolroom steps; "I'm going to be a missionary!"

Then he ran down the hill to the sea-shore to stretch his legs, for they were stiff with sitting so long quiet; and still as he ran he said to himself, "I'm going to be a missionary!" Down on the beach, leaping over the rocks, throwing pebbles in the sea, or running along the sands, he still repeated over and over, "I'm going to be a missionary!"

What a grand thing it would be, to do as he had been asked to do that day, to give himself to the Lord's work! He would like to be God's servant, and to do work for Him; and he would so much enjoy riding in a sledge over the snow, and preaching to red men in buffalo-skins.

"Oh dear me, I wish I was a man?" said Charlie; and he stretched himself and made himself as tall as he could, and tried to fancy that he would soon be big enough to go to the land of ice and snow.

Then he turned homewards, with the melancholy thought that it was Saturday, and that Aunt Jemima would be cleaning; and when Aunt Jemima was cleaning, the whole house was a good deal upset.

"I can't bear Saturday!" said Charlie to himself, as he went up the hill; "and when I've a house of my own, it sha'n't ever be cleaned."

Aunt Jemima was in the thick of the cleaning when he reached home. There she was, with a handkerchief tied over her head, the long sweeping brush in her hand, and the dust flying in all directions.

"Now, Charlie, don't you get in my way!" she cried, as soon as she caught sight of him. "There you go, you naughty, tiresome boy, with your wet sandy boots right over my clean door-step! Was there ever such a boy as you are? Get away upstairs, and don't let me catch sight of you again till tea's ready!"

Charlie ran upstairs, and found that the people in the house seemed more or less upset, as well as the house itself. Fanny was sitting with a large basket of stockings beside her, trying to darn them, whilst the baby, the pet girl who had been born the week before mother died, was climbing and creeping about the room, every moment in danger of knocking her head against the table, or of trapping her fingers in the door, or of falling headlong against the fender.

"Oh, Charlie," said Fanny, "I wish you would mind the Baby a bit. I can't get on; it isn't safe to leave her alone, and I must get these stockings mended for Sunday."

"Oh, I can't be bothered with her now!" said Charlie. "I'm tired, Fanny;" and he threw himself down on the sofa, to think about the grand days that were coming, when he should be a missionary in the land of ice and snow.

"Charlie," said little Bob, "come and have a game with me; everybody's so busy, and Aunt Jemima says I'm not to have any toys out, 'cause it's Saturday."

"No, I can't play now," said Charlie crossly. "I've got my kite-tail to make: I'm going to fly it to-night."

He was just going to leave the room, when Aunt Jemima's voice was heard at the foot of the stairs: "Charlie, Fanny, one of you, come along; I want a loaf from the shop for tea!"

"Oh, Charlie, you go," said Fanny; "Baby always knocks her head if I leave her with Maggie."

"Let Maggie go, then."

"She's tired, Charlie," said his sister: "it was a long way for her down to the schoolroom, and she's only a little girl."

"She's big enough to fetch a loaf, anyhow," said Charlie, as he left the room. He was going upstairs to the attic, when another voice called him.

"Charlie!" said Rose, the little sister who was never able to walk or to run, but who lay all day on her back. "Charlie, come here, and tell me about the missionary meeting."

It was very seldom that Charlie said "No" when Rose asked him to do anything; but he was not like himself just then, and he told her to wait a bit; he would see by-and-by.

The door of Rose's room opened into the room where the other children were sitting, and Charlie did not know that Aunt Jeanie was in a corner of the little bedroom, sitting beside the sick child. I think if he had known Aunt Jeanie was within hearing, he would have been more careful of what he said.

Aunt Jeanie was the dearest, kindest old woman he had ever seen. She lived in a tiny house near the sea-shore, with her old maid and her old cat, and her old parrot. Every one in the parish called her Aunt Jeanie because she had told them to do so, although she was not really the aunt of any of them. But she liked them to send for her if they were in trouble, and she popped in and out of their houses, and had a cheery word for everybody, and spent her life in carrying other people's burdens.

Nobody could help loving Aunt Jeanie! And there she sat by Rose's bed, and Charlie was ashamed of himself, when he saw a bit of her black and white checked dress peeping from behind the door, and knew that she had been listening to all that went on in the next room.

"Oh, Aunt Jeanie," he said, as he went into Rose's bedroom; "I did not know you were here? How are you to-day?"

"Quite well and merry, Master Charlie," said the old lady; "and I wish you were the same."

"I'm well enough, Aunt Jeanie," said Charlie.

"But not merry enough?" said the old woman; "not merry enough, eh, Charlie?"

"Oh, I'm only a little tired," said Charlie; "and I do hate Saturday!"

"Was not the Missionary Meeting interesting?" asked Aunt Jeanie.

"It was splendid," said Charlie earnestly. "I've made up my mind to be a missionary, Aunt Jeanie—I have indeed."

"Glad to hear it, Charlie," said the old lady; "and when are you thinking of beginning?"

"Beginning what, Aunt Jeanie? To be a missionary? Why, as soon as ever I'm a man, I shall begin. I shall be twenty-one in ten years."

"Oh dear, oh dear!" said the old lady; "I wouldn't wait so long, if I were you!"

"Do you think they will take me any sooner, Aunt Jeanie? I didn't think they would."

"The Lord will take you sooner, Charlie."

"But I thought missionaries always had to be grown-up men, Aunt Jeanie."

"Nay, Charlie; the Lord's missionaries are of all ages and of all sizes. I never knew the Lord turn any one away because he was too young."

"I don't see what you mean, Aunt Jeanie," said the boy. "I couldn't go out to foreign lands till I'm a bit bigger, could I?"

"Do ye think the Lord always sends His missionaries out to foreign lands, my lad? Nay, nay; He has scores of missionaries who never set foot out of England, and never know a word of any language but their mother tongue. "What is a missionary, Charlie? Come, tell me that, my boy."

"I thought it was a man who preached to black folks, Aunt Jeanie."

"A missionary means one who is sent, Charlie. Anybody who is God's servant, sent by God to do anything for God, is a missionary. Do ye think the Lord's work is all over the seas, my lad? If you want to be a missionary, begin to-day Charlie. Strike while the iron's hot. Go and give yourself to the Lord at once. Give in your name for the work, and begin."

"But, Aunt Jeanie," said Charlie, in a very puzzled voice, "wherever in the world am I to work? I shouldn't have the least idea where to begin."

"Where to begin! Why, Charlie, ye'll not have far to go; begin in this little room. Tell poor Rose here about the meeting; that's the first bit of work the Lord wants ye to do. And when that's done," said the old woman, "ye may go as far as the next room. There's poor Fanny, she's got more to do than she can get through; go and mind Baby a bit, and give her a helping hand. I am sure that will be a bit of work for the Lord. And then there's Bob—poor little Bob—with no toys to play with and nothing to do; the Lord has work for ye there. Ay, my lad, ye'll not have to hunt far. The Lord's missionary soon finds his work; when once he has given his name in, the Lord sends the work quick enough."

"Aunt Jeanie," said Charlie, "do you call such little things as that, work for God."

"Charlie," answered the old woman, "did ye never hear this verse: 'He that is faithful in that which is least, is faithful also in much'? There are no little things in God's sight, Charlie. These little things, as you call them, are just the work He has given you to do. And if you are a missionary at home, and do the little home-work well, who knows but the Lord may some day send you abroad to the great work among the heathen?"

Charlie sat very quiet for two or three minutes, and then he said: "I see what you mean, Aunt Jeanie. I will try to be a home missionary."

"Ask the Lord to help ye, Charlie. Run up to your own room, and tell Him all about it. Ask Him to forgive you all your sins, and to make you love Him so much, that you may long to serve Him. Pray for the Holy Spirit to show you your work, and to help you to do it, and then come away downstairs and begin at once."

Charlie went up to the attic, as Aunt Jeanie had asked him, and a few minutes afterward he came downstairs to begin his work as a missionary. Little Rose's pale face brightened, as he told her the stories he had heard at the missionary meeting. Then he went into the next room to have a game of play with little Bob; and when Aunt Jeanie passed through the room half an hour afterward, she found Charlie on his hands and knees on the floor, and Bob riding on his back as merry as possible, shouting, "Gee-up, Dobbin; gee up, Dobbin; gee-up, my lad!"

"That's right, Charlie," said the old lady, as she laid a hand on his head. "That is just as much work for God as preaching to Red Indians, or teaching Esquimaux children. I'll copy you a little hymn to-night, my boy, and you can learn it as you sit on the shore to-morrow."

Charlie was very much pleased with Aunt Jane's hymn when it arrived; and as he has given me a copy of it, I will put it down here:

"I cannot do great things for Him,
Who did so much for me;
But I would like to show my love,
Dear Jesus, unto Thee:
Faithful in very little things,
O Saviour, may I be.

There are small things in daily life,
In which I may obey,
And thus may show my love to Thee;
And always—every day—
There are some little loving words
Which I for Thee may say.

There are small crosses I may take,
Small burdens I may bear,
Small acts of faith and deeds of love,
Small sorrows I may share;
And little bits of work for Thee
I may do everywhere.

So I ask Thee, Lord, to give me grace
My little place to fill,
That I may ever walk with Thee,
And ever do Thy will;
And in each duty, great or small,
I may be faithful still."

—*Child's Companion.*

A RETURNED MISSIONARY from India says that during ten years she never saw a Hindoo child receive a caress from its mother.

ORIGEN.

BY ANNIE FRANCES PERRAM.

In the early times of the Church there lived a man called Leonides. He was a Christian, and carefully taught his children about Jesus. His eldest child, a boy named Origen, was a very clever little fellow, and unlike most children, exceedingly fond of study. Every day before Origen commenced his lessons, Leonides would take down the Bible and read it to the boy, and talk about its truths; and then pray that his little son might become 'wise unto salvation.' Better than all his study, Origen loved to hear and read the sweet Bible stories, and the words of that Saviour for whom he knew so many people had been glad to die. Very early in his childhood he gave his heart to Jesus and often said he would like to suffer for Christ. His father would often go to the bedside when Origen was sleeping, and kiss the little boy, and thanked God who had allowed him to be the father of such a child. But Leonides lived in the cruel times of Severus, and one day he was seized and torn from his home and his family, and thrown into prison on account of his religion.

Then Origen, still a child, besought his mother to allow him to follow his father to martyrdom, and would have insisted upon finding his way to the prison, but his mother took his clothes and hid them. After a little time Origen saw that his intense desire to prove his love to Jesus by surrendering his life for Him, was not consistent with his duty, and that his place was at home with his mother and his five younger brothers. So he consented to remain where he was, and tried to do all he could to comfort the suffering ones around him. But dearly though he loved his father, and sorely though he missed his gentle voice and wise teaching, he wrote a letter to him, reminding Leonides that Jesus had promised a crown of life to those who were faithful to the end, and added: "Take heed, father, not to change thy mind on account of us."

By-and-by, Leonides was sentenced to death; and all his property being seized for the royal treasury, his family were reduced to great poverty. But God raised up a friend for Origen, a lady of wealth and fame, and for a time he went to live with her. He still pursued his studies; and, while quite a boy, began to put his knowledge to practical use, and so earned sufficient money to supply his needs. He was only eighteen when he commenced a school where people might come to learn the doctrines of repentance and faith in the Lord Jesus Christ. Many were afraid to venture because of the persecution that raged, but others, attracted by the earnestness and eloquence of the young teacher, came, and were convinced of the truth of what he taught, and embraced Christianity. Many of these were speedily discovered and brought before the tribunal, and sentenced to die; and no fear of danger to himself prevented Origen from visiting the miserable prisons where the martyrs lay, or being present at their trial, and afterwards following them to the place of torture, all the while cheering, encouraging, even embracing them and praying for them. More than once the maddened crowd had almost stoned him. I cannot tell you how he escaped imprisonment and martyrdom. I suppose God saw that his work was not done, so He preserved his valuable life for the sake of others.

By-and-by he made a brave resolve. You know he was a great scholar, and had not only read but had written much. He saw that these studies and the love of them took up too much time and thought, and were in danger of becoming his idols, so he determined to put them all away, and henceforth know nothing but Jesus and Him crucified. So he sold all his valuable works; and, in order that he might not be burdensome to his friends, lived from that time on the barest necessaries. Everywhere among the Christians and even to heathen nations the fame of this wonderful and holy man spread. He visited distant places, and taught the Christian faith to rich and poor, and made converts wherever he went. He wrote books upon Christianity, and Commentaries upon the Scriptures, which are carefully preserved and highly valued at this present day. Indeed it would be impossible to tell you in a short space what Origen did for Christ and His Church.

He lived for many years, through different persecutions, until he was an old man. But when he was seventy years of age he was taken prisoner and condemned to the cruel torture of the rack and other instruments of which I should be sorry to tell you. He bore all patiently and with calm courage. After lingering in agony for a long weary time—for his tormentors were too cruel to let him die quickly—he escaped from the dark cell and the bonds which had bound him away to the house of "many mansions" where he rests from his labors and rests for ever.—*Early Days.*

REUBEN'S DISAPPOINTMENT.

Reuben Clyde was determined to be a minister. His father was one, his grandfather had been one, and it was the height of his ambition to stand in the pulpit and preach the Word of life. To this end he studied diligently—too hard, his mother thought, for his stength. Results proved that she was right.

Reuben was scarcely sixteen when his eyesight began to fail. The best medical skill was procured, but in vain. His overstrained eyes could not be brought back to a healthy condition. The doctors said that he must give up study and spend his life in the open air.

Reuben had to face that fact and so did his parents. It was a disappointment to them all, but they bore it bravely. Mr. Clyde wrote to a friend, the owner of a large farm, asking whether he could give employment to his son. Farmer Darrow replied at once. He would be not only willing but glad to receive the young man into his family.

His only son, a lad of twelve years, had lately died, and his fatherly heart yearned for some one to take the vacant place.

Soon Reuben found himself in the Darrow homestead. The first evening after reaching there a strange feeling of loneliness came over him. Going to the room which he was told he might call his own, he drew from his trunk a new copy of the Bible—a parting gift from his father. Turning to the story of Abraham, he was attracted by these words: "Thou shalt be a blessing."

"That," said he to himself, "I will take as a charge given to me. I am a lonely boy among strangers. Yet, if I cannot do the things that I would like to do, I need not let my disappointment make others unhappy. I will try to be a blessing while learning to farm, just as I had hoped to be one in studying for the ministry."

Reuben awoke the next morning with this resolution firmly fixed in his mind. When he entered the breakfast room it was with a cheerful smile, which was the best comfort he could have given to sorrowing Mrs. Darrow.

After breakfast he went to his novel tasks with a readiness which completely won the heart of her husband. Thus he made a good beginning in his new life, and he went on as he had begun.

He was so happy, whether in the house or out-of-doors, so kind and obliging, so intent upon doing his work well that before many months had passed Farmer Darrow was heard to declare: "I do not know what we should do without that boy. It was a fortunate day when he came to our home."

Yet it was not only on the farm that Reuben proved to be a blessing. He entered the Sunday-school of the place, and, as he was very intelligent, he was asked to take a class of small boys who had been long without a teacher.

What little time he was able to give to study he spent in the preparation of the weekly lesson. The result was that his class, being well-taught, was one of the most interested in the school. The children loved him and were proud of him. There can be no doubt that he did them good. Then, too, Reuben was always in his place in church and in the weekly meeting. The pastor soon learned to look upon him as one who could be depended upon to help in all possible ways. Sometimes he would speak in the prayer-meeting. Once, after he had done so, Farmer Darrow overheard some one saying: "That young man ought to be a minister."

Farmer Darrow replied: "He would be an excellent one, I think, but he is certainly exerting a good influence here. I hope he will never leave the place."

More and more the older gentleman came to regard him as a son. At length he gave him a farm adjoining his own. To this, one bright morning, Reuben brought a young wife, and there he still has a happy home.

Thus, you see, that he has made the best of his disappointment. Though he cannot follow out the plan which he had made for his life, he is trying to be a blessing in the place where he is, and to do well the work which he is able to do.

Reuben, though not a minister, is "diligent in business, fervent in spirit, serving the Lord." When he reaches heaven he hopes to meet there some whom he has led to Christ.

Are there not other young men who will follow his example?—*Christian Intelligencer.*

THE CAPTAIN'S MISTAKE.

"Tell me about it," said Captain M—— to me as he stood there in the pilot house of a Missouri river steamboat, threading the winding, treacherous channel, looking out for sand banks, now here, now there, reading the rippling, boiling surface of that great river as intelligently as I could read the page of an open book—"Tell me about it," said he to me as I sat by his side in the pilot-house, making my way north-westward against the surging current of that river; "was I wrong or was I right? I married my wife; I loved her; to please her I began to go to church; I never could hear singing and not be moved; the songs they sang there in church touched me strongly; they brought up forgotten memories, they unloosed the springs of feeling; I was overcome; I could not help myself, I wept—whenever I went to church and heard the songs I wept. Because I wept they thought I had become a Christian! Wife, minister, and all of them, pressed me to join the Church. 'No,' I said, 'I cannot. I have simply been stirred by songs as I always am.' I knew I had not given up my evil ways. I knew I had not repented of my sins and given myself over to my Saviour. 'No, I cannot join the Church. Deeper work must be done in me before I can do that,' I said. And yet when I went to church and heard the songs I always wept and could not help myself. Tell me was I wrong in refusing to join the Church, though songs touched me so, or right?" Thus substantially, the Captain went talking on.

And I answered, "Right, Captain, right thoroughly. A real religion is something fathoms deeper than feeling simply; it is repentance; it is faith; it is the organization of the life round a new centre; it is the acceptance of Jesus Christ as your Saviour and your Lord. The mistake you made, Captain, was, that you did not go on and give yourself to Christ, and fasten those feelings about Christ."

Religion is personal attachment to Christ. Religion is a structure of granitic principle, Jesus Christ himself being the chief cornerstone. About it all there may be tender floodings and colorings of soft feelings, or there may not be. But in order to religion there must be the strong, deep principle of a life founded upon and anchored to Jesus Christ. "And him that cometh"—not to tender and beautiful suffusions or feeling—but "him that cometh unto me I will in no wise cast out," says Christ.

This, according to this great and structural Word of Christ, is real religion.—*Rev. Wayland Hoyt, D.D., in Christian at Work.*

WHAT EVERY GIRL OUGHT TO LEARN.

She should learn to use her senses to the best advantage, especially her hands and eyes; in other words, she should have an "education by doing."

She should learn how to sew, darn, and mend.

She should learn to cultivate flowers and to keep the kitchen garden.

She should learn to make the neatest room in the house.

She should learn to have nothing to do with intemperate or dissolute young men.

She should learn that tight lacing is uncomely as well as injurious to health.

She should learn to regard the morals and habits, and not money, in selecting her associates.

She should learn that 100 cents make a dollar.

She should learn how to arrange the parlor and library.

She should learn that there is nothing more conducive to happiness than a comfortable house dress. The idea that anything is good enough about the house and in the kitchen is a very grave mistake.

She should learn to observe the old rule: "A place for everything, and everything in its place."

She should learn that music, drawing, and painting are real accomplishments in the home, and are not to be neglected if there be time and money for their use.

She should learn the important truism: "That the more she lives within her income the more she will save, and the farther she will get away from the poorhouse."

She should learn that a good, steady, church-going mechanic, farmer, clerk, or teacher, without a cent, is worth more than forty loafers or non-producers in broadcloth.

She should learn to embrace every opportunity for reading, and to select such books as will give her the most useful and practical information in order to make the best progress in earlier as well as later home and school life.

She should learn that a plain, short dress, comfortably made, is a very regiment of strength; and wash goods are decidedly preferable because with a clean dress, even if it be only a cheap print or homespun, a woman puts on a kind of beauty, and there is something in clean clothes marvellously helpful to being clean-tempered.

She should learn how to manage a house. Whether she marry or whether she do not, the knowledge will almost certainly be of service, and at some time of her life will probably be a necessity to her.

"A girl, whether rich or poor, whose education has been conducted upon a plane so high that to become a fashionable idler or an inconsequent gossip or dawdler would be impossible, is the one who will be most earnest in considering the holy purposes, and, in fitting herself for the responsibilities, of the most serious step of her life—marriage."—*American Exchange.*

CANON WILBERFORCE calculates that the 160,000 public houses in England have made 16,000 women widows during the past year.

A FLIGHT WITH THE SWALLOWS.

BY EMMA MARSHALL.

(Children's Friend.)

CHAPTER VIII.—DOROTHY'S LESSONS.

Every child who reads my story must have felt how quickly strange things begin to grow familiar, and before we are reconciled to what is new it becomes almost old.

So it was with Dorothy, and in a less degree with Irene.

It was New Year's Day, and Dorothy was seated at the table in the school-room at Villa Lucia, writing to her Uncle Cranstone.

She wrote a very nice round hand, between lines, thanks to the patient teaching which Irene bestowed on her. To be sure, the thin foreign paper was rather a trial, as the pen was apt to stick when a thin up-stroke followed a firm down-stroke; but still, the letter, when finished, was a very creditable performance to both mistress and pupil.

Lady Burnside had wisely decreed that Irene should have no lessons while she was at San Remo, for she was very forward for her age, having gone through the regular routine of school, and writing at ten years old almost a formed hand, while Dorothy had only printed words when Irene took her up as a pupil.

"It will be a nice occupation for Irene to help Dorothy with her lessons," Lady Burnside said; and Dorothy felt the importance of going to school, when, every morning at ten o'clock, she was escorted by Ingleby to the Villa Lucia, and joined the party in the school-room.

Dorothy had a great deal to learn besides reading and writing and arithmetic, and as she had never had any one to give up to, she found that part of her daily lessons rather hard.

Baby Bob, in whom Irene delighted, tried Dorothy's patience sorely, and indeed he was a young person who required to be repressed.

Dorothy had just finished her letter to her uncle, and with aching fingers had written her name at the bottom of the second sheet, when Baby Bob appeared, followed by Ella.

"We are to have a holiday, because it is New Year's Day, and go on donkeys to La Colla."

"Yes," said Willy, "I have been to order Marietta's donkeys—the big brown one for me, the little white one for Dorothy, the little gray one for Ella, and the old spotted one for Irene. It's such fun going to La Colla, and we'll put Ingleby and Crawley on as we come down and——"

But Willy was interrupted by a cry from Dorothy—

"He's got my letter! Oh, my letter!" and a smart slap was administered to Baby Bob, who, I am sorry to say, clenched his fat fist, and hit Dorothy in the mouth.

"Put the letter down at once, you naughty child," Crawley said. "How dare you touch Miss Dorothy!"

The letter was with difficulty rescued from Baby Bob, in a sadly crumpled condition, and Irene smoothed the sheet with her hand and put it into a fresh envelope.

"I was only going to the post," Baby Bob said. "Grannie lets me drop her letters in the post, o' course."

"Well, wait till you are asked another time, Bob, then you won't get into trouble; but I don't think you deserved the hard slap," Ella said.

Dorothy, who was still crying and holding her apron up to her mouth, now drew herself up and said, "I shall go home to mother, I shall. I shan't stay here to be ill-treated. Mother says Bob is the naughtiest spoiled boy she ever knew."

"She has known a girl as much spoiled, anyhow," said Willy.

"Come, Dorothy, forget and forgive," said Irene; "and let us go and get ready for our donkey ride."

"I shan't go," persisted Dorothy; "I don't wan't to go; and just look!"

There was undoubtedly a tiny crimson spot on Dorothy's apron, and she began to sob again at the sight, and say she must go home that minute to Ingleby.

"Go along, then," said Willy, roughly; "we don't want a cry-baby with us. Look at Bob; he has quite forgotten the thump you gave him, and wants to kiss you."

I am sorry to say Dorothy turned a very unwilling cheek towards Baby Bob, who said—

"I'll never take your letters no more, Dolly."

Dorothy had, as we know, several nicknames from her uncle, but she had a particular aversion to that of "Dolly," and just touching Baby Bob with her lips, she said, "I hate to be called Dolly."

"Well," Willy said, "here come the donkeys, and Mariette and Francesco, and no one is ready. Come, make haste, girls."

"Come, Dorothy," Irene said, "let me put on your skirt" For the children had each a neat little blue serge skirt which they wore for their donkey expeditions. "Come, Dorothy," Irene pleaded. But Dorothy said she should stay with Lady Burnside till Ingleby came for her.

"You can't stay with grannie—she is very busy with business; and Constance has one of her headaches, and is in bed."

"Then I'll wait here till Jingle comes."

There was a wonderful amount of obstinacy expressed in that pretty, fair little face; and then Crawley came in to say the donkeys must not be kept waiting. Irene, finding it useless to say more, went to get ready as Ella had already done, and left Dorothy in the sitting-room playing a tattoo on the window as she curled herself up in a circular straw chair.

Ella made one more attempt when she was dressed for the ride.

"Do come, Dorothy dear. We have got three baskets full of nice things to eat at La Colla, and the sun is so bright, and——"

"Go away," said Dorothy; adding, "Goodbye; I hope you'll enjoy jogging down over those hard rough stones on the donkeys."

A little girl, the daughter of a friend of Lady Burnside, came with her brother to join the party, and Dorothy watched them all setting off; Crawley holding Bob before her on the sturdy old brown donkey; Willy and Jack Meredith riding off with Francesco running at their heels, with his bare brown feet and bright scarlet cap; then Ella and Irene under Marietta's guidance; Ella looking back and kissing her hand to as much as she could see of Dorothy's hair, as she sat by the window under the verandah.

Then Dorothy was alone; it was no punishment to her, and she fell into one of her old meditations to all appearance not pleased.

The chirp and twitter of swallows were heard, for, as we know, Dorothy had taken flight from England with them. And as one perched for a moment on the big aloe which grew just outside the verandah, Dorothy said, "I wonder if that's my old mother swallow; it looks just like her."

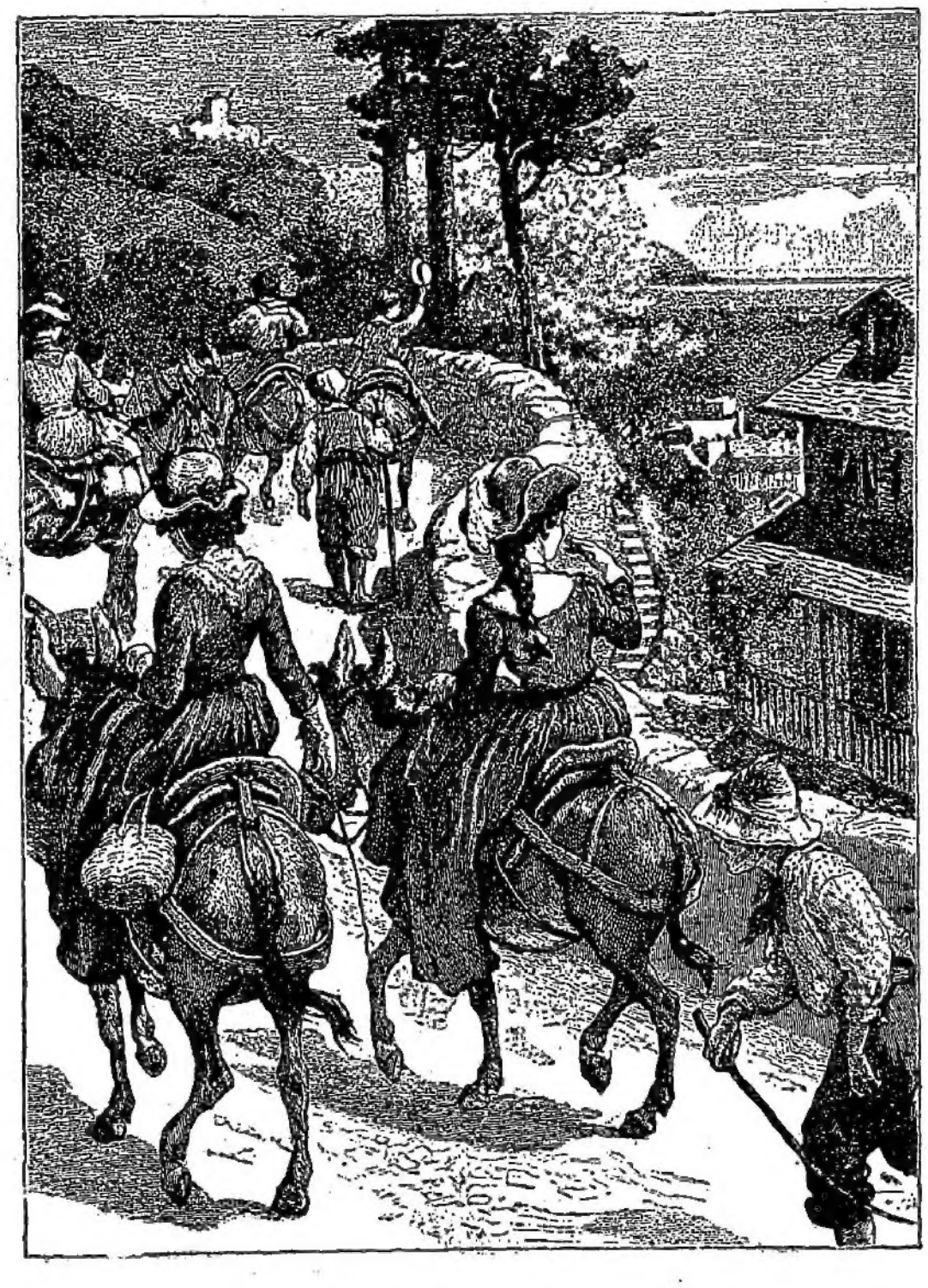
Presently another joined her, and the two twittered and chirped and wagged their restless forked tails, and turned their little heads from side to side, and then darted off in the warm sunshine. Glancing at the little time-piece which stood on the table, Dorothy saw it was not yet eleven, and Ingleby never came till twelve o'clock.

After all it was rather dull, and there was no need for her to wait for Ingleby, who often did not come till half-past twelve. A little more meditation, and then Dorothy uncurled herself and put down her legs slowly, first one, then the other, and then, with something very like a yawn, which ended in "Oh, dear!" her eyes fell on the letter which had been put into the envelope by Irene. It had a stamp on it, but was not addressed.

So Dorothy thought she would address it herself, and taking the pen, made a great blot to begin with, which was not ornamental; then she made a very wide C, which quite overshadowed the "anon" for "Canon." "Percival" would by no means allow itself to be put on the same line, and had to go beneath it. As to "Coldchester," it was so cramped up in the corner that it was hardly legible, but imitating a letter which she had seen Mr. Martyn address one day, she made up for it by a big "England" at the top. The envelope was not fastened down, and Dorothy remembered Irene said she had seen some dear little "Happy New Year" cards at a shop in the street, and that she would ask Ingleby to take her with Dorothy to buy one, and put it in the letter before it was posted.

"I'll go and get a card," Dorothy thought, "and post my own letter, and then come back, or go home to mother. I'll go and get ready directly."

(To be Continued.)



THE DONKEY EXPEDITION TO LA COLLA.

HIS EYES DECEIVED HIM.

John Burroughs, in his entertaining article, "The Halcyon in Canada," tells how he was deceived in judging of distances before the cliffs between which the Saguenay River flows. These rocks rise sheer from the water to a height of eighteen hundred feet. Such unusual proportions dwarf ordinary measurements, and the visitor is apt to get very far out of the way in his guessing as to distances. The fact in itself will interest many readers, and Burroughs' manner of telling it is delightful.

The pilot took us close around the base of the precipice, that we might fully inspect it. And here my eyes played me a trick, the like of which they had never done before. One of the boys of the steamer brought to the forward deck his hands full of stones, that the curious ones among the passengers might try how easy it was to throw one ashore.

"Any girl ought to do it," I said to myself, after a man had tried and had failed to clear half the distance. Seizing a stone, I cast it with vigor and confidence, and as much expected to see it smite the rock as I expected to live.

"It is a good while getting there," I mused, as I watched its course. Down, down it went; there, it will ring upon the granite in half a breath; no, down—into the water, a little more than half-way! "Has my arm lost its cunning?" I said, and tried again and again, but with like result.

The eye was completely at fault. There was a new standard of size before it to which it failed to adjust itself. The rock is so enormous, and towers so above you, that you get the impression it is much nearer than it actually is.

When the eye is full, it says, "Here we are," and the hand is ready to prove the fact; but in this case there is an astonishing discrepancy between what the eye reports and what the hand finds out.—*Youth's Companion.*

DR. RICHARDSON gives the following advice to cyclists:—"As to drink, of course you require something to quench your thirst when on the road. I think pure water is best, whenever you can obtain it. The best work on wheels is done by temperance men. First-class riders may sometimes joke about teetotalism, but in their hearts they know it is best for them, and whenever they have to do special work they put my views into practice. Furnivall, the best all round bicyclist at the present time, is extremely abstemious, if not a professed abstainer; Mariott is a teetotaler, and often does 200 miles a day."

A FLIGHT WITH THE SWALLOWS.

BY EMMA MARSHALL.

(Children's Friend.)

CHAPTER VIII.—*(Continued.)*

As it happened, Dorothy's hat and pretty velvet jacket, trimmed with lovely soft fur, were kept in a little closet, with a window in it, behind the schoolroom. They were put there when she came to the Villa Lucia every morning by Ingleby, who never failed to send her in to see Lady Burnside, drawing secret comparisons between the appearance of her darling and that of Miss Packingham or little Miss Ella Montague.

Dorothy had some difficulty in getting herself into her jacket, and her hair notched into the elastic of her hat, which, springing back, caught her in the eyes, and made them water. Then, when she thought she was ready, she remembered she had not taken off the apron which was stained with the little crimson spot. A little rim of white showed under the jacket between the fur and the edge of her frock, but she pushed it up under the band, and then went softly down the hall to the glass door, and lifting the *portiere*, or thick curtain, which hung over the outer door, she found herself in the road. For the Villa Lucia did not open into the garden which lay between the Villa and sloping ground and the blue sea, but from the back, into a road which led towards the old town of San Remo.

Dorothy held the letter firmly in her hand, and walked on with some dignity. It was rather nice to go to the post by herself, and she measured the distance in her own mind, as she had often been there with Ingleby and Crawley.

The shop where the New Year's cards were sold was near the post-office, and she had two shillings in her little leather purse at the bottom of her pocket.

Several Italian women, carrying heavy burdens on their heads, passed her and smiled, and said in a pleasant voice,—

"Buon gionno!" and one young woman, with a patient baby tightly swathed and fastened to her back, called out—

"Ah, la piccola bella!"

Somehow Dorothy was so lost in meditation upon herself and her own cleverness in finding the way to the post, that she missed the first turning which would have led her down to the English part of the town. She took the next, but that brought her out beyond the shops and the post-office.

She did not at first notice this, and when she found she was much further from home than she expected, she began to run, but still she did not get any nearer the shops and the post-office. Now the street of the English part of San Remo runs almost parallel with the sea, and there are several narrow lanes between the houses, which lead down to the quay, where all the boats sail from the pier, and where a great many women are mending the holes in the brown nets.

There are streets also leading up to the old town—that quaint old town, which was built on the steep sides of the hill, long, long before any English people thought of erecting their new houses and villas below it.

The streets of the old town are so steep that they are climbed by steps, or rather ridges, of pavement, which are set at rather long intervals. These streets are very narrow, and there are arches across them, like little bridges, from one house to another.

The houses in old Italian towns are built with these arches or little bridges, because they formed a support to the tall houses, which were sometimes shaken by earthquakes.

Now it happened that as Dorothy was wondering how it could be that she had missed the post-office, she caught sight of a little white fluffy dog, with brown ears, running up towards the opening of one of these narrow streets.

"My Nino! my Nino!" she exclaimed. "It must be Nino." She did not stop to consider that he was old, and could never have run so fast up hill as this little dog could run. She turned out of the broad street into one of the narrow ones, and chased the little white dog till she was out of breath.

There were not many people about, and no one took much notice of her; and she never stopped till she found herself in the market square of the old town, where, out of breath and exhausted, she sat down on a flight of steps, hopeless of catching the dog, who had now quite disappeared.

An old and dirty-looking church was before her, and several peasant women, with their baskets on their heads, were passing in and out. Red and yellow handkerchiefs were bound round their dark hair, and some of them wore pretty beads round their necks. One or two stopped to look at Dorothy, and talked and made signs to her; but she could not understand what they said, and they smiled at her and passed on. The streets leading up from the market square looked very dim and very steep, and Dorothy began to feel lonely and frightened—especially when an old woman, who might have been a hundred years old, so wrinkled was her face and so bowed her back, stopped before her as she sat on the steps, and began to mumble and make grimaces, and open her mouth, where no teeth were to be seen, and point at Dorothy with her lean, bony, brown fingers.

Dorothy got up and began to run down towards the town again as quickly as she had come up, when, alas! her foot caught against the corner of a rough stone step, before one of the tall houses, and she fell with some violence on the uneven, rugged pavement, hitting her head a sharp blow.

Poor little Dorothy! getting her own way, and doing exactly as she wished, had brought her now a heavy punishment. While Ella and Willy and Baby Bob, with their two little friends, were enjoying the contents of the luncheon basket at La Colla, Dorothy was lying all alone amongst strangers in the old town of San Remo!

CHAPTER IX.—LOST.

Ingleby arrived at the Villa Lucia at the usual time, and went, as was her custom, to the school-room door, and knocked.

She was generally answered by a rush to the door by Ella and Dorothy, and a cry of—

"Grannie says she is to stay to luncheon to-day," or, "Don't take her away yet."

But to day silence reigned, and when Ingleby looked in, the schoolroom was empty.

She turned away, and met the maid who waited on Constance, with a tray in her hand and a cup of cocoa, which she was taking up-stairs.

"Where is Miss Dorothy, and where are the children?"

"All gone out on donkeys to Colla," was the answer. "Her ladyship was glad to get the house quiet, for Miss Constance has had a very bad night."

"Talk of bad nights," exclaimed Ingleby, "my mistress has done nothing but cough since four o'clock this morning. Well, I hope Miss Dorothy was well wrapped up for the wind is cold enough out of the sun, though Stefano is angry if I say so. I wish we were back in England. I know, what with the nasty wood fires, and the 'squitoes, and the draughts, and——"

Ingleby was interrupted here by Lady Burnside, who came out of the drawing-room.

"Good morning, Ingleby; how is Mrs. Acheson?"

"But very poorly, my lady; she has had a bad night."

"Ah! that is why you have not gone to Colla with the party. But I am sure Crawley will take care of Miss Dorothy, and Miss Irene is quite to be trusted."

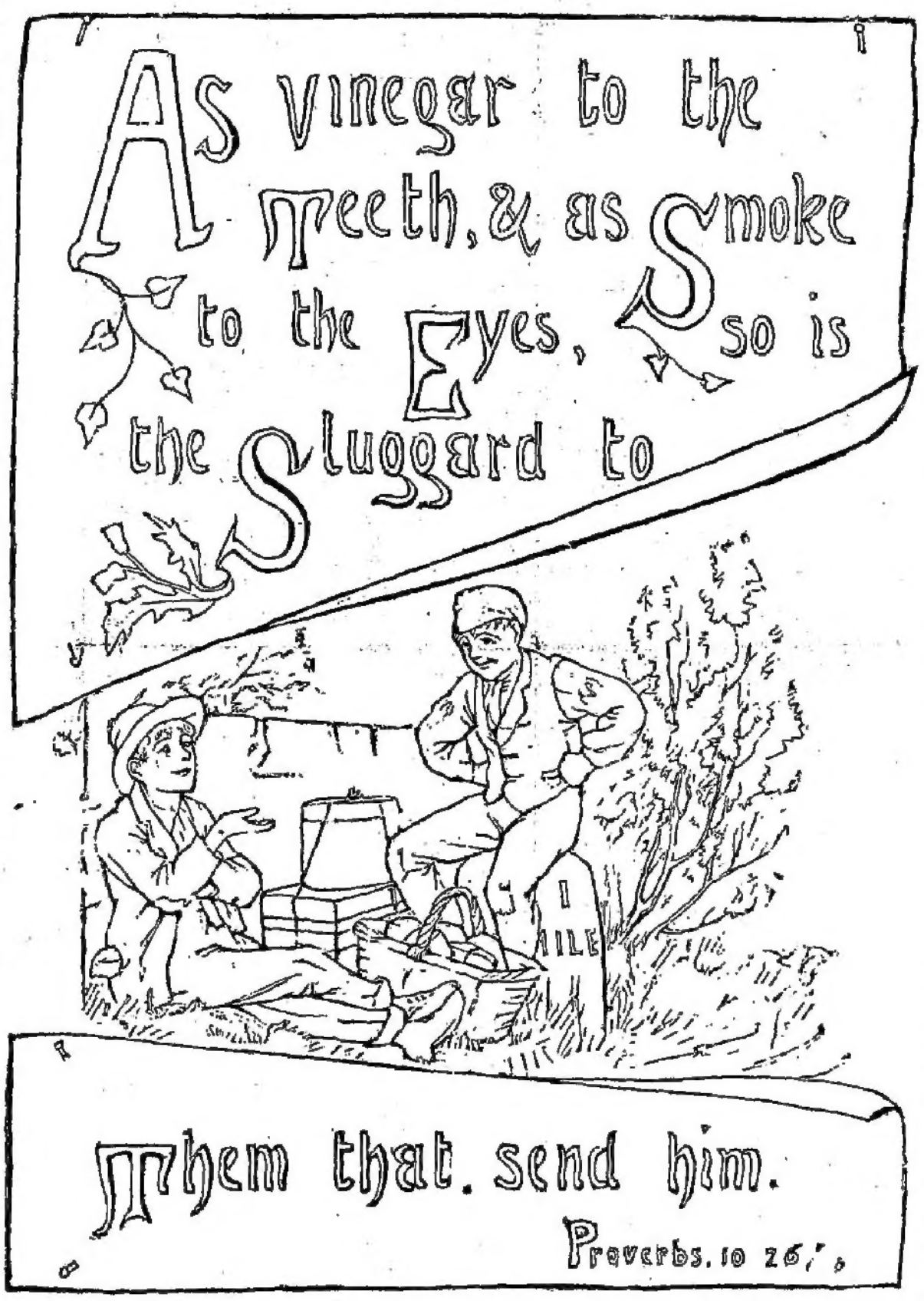
"I knew nothing of the party going to Colla, my lady. I hope it is not one of those break-neck roads, like going up the side of a house."

"It is very steep in some parts, but the donkeys are well used to climbing. Give my love to Mrs. Acheson, and say I will come and see her to-morrow."

Ingleby walked back rather sadly. She wished she had known of the expedition, for there was safety for her darling when she could walk behind the donkey going up hill, and by its head coming down again. What did it matter that the fatigue was great, and that she panted for breath as she tried to keep up? She held Dorothy's safety before her own, and all personal fatigue was as nothing to secure that.

If any little girls who read this story have kind, faithful nurses like Ingleby, I hope they will never forget to be grateful to them for their patience and kindness in their childish days, when childhood has passed away, and they no longer need their watchful care. Ingleby's love was not, perhaps, wise love, but it was very true and real, and had very deep roots in the attachment she felt for her mistress, whom she had served so faithfully for many years.

(To be Continued.)



NORWEGIAN HORSES.

The little horses, almost universally of a dun color and having their manes cropped short, are wiry and full of life and courage, dashing down the hills at a seemingly reckless pace, which carries the vehicle half-way up the next rising ground by the mere impetus of the descent. It was particularly gratifying to observe the physical condition of the horses both inland and in the streets of Christiania, all being in good flesh. Not a lame or poor animal was to be found among them, either in hack, dray, or country-produce cart. They are mostly pony-shaped, rather short in the legs, few standing over fourteen hands, and generally even less; but yet, strong, tough, and round. It was pleasing to observe the drivers, who seemed also to be the owners. When they came from the house or establishment where their business called them, they would often take some trifle from their pockets—an apple, a lump of sugar, or bit of bread—and tender it to the waiting horse, who was evidently on the look-out for such a favor. The good fellowship established between animal and master was complete, and both worked more effectively together. If the whip is used at all upon these faithful animals it must be very uncommon, since my watchfulness in regard to the matter did not discover a single instance. When a driver has occasion to stop before a house and leave his horse, he takes one turn of the rein about the animal's near fore-foot and secures the long end loosely to the shaft. Custom has taught the horses that this process ties them to the spot, and they do not attempt to move away. Insects during the brief but intense heat of summer are very troublesome to animals exposed to their bite, and so the Norwegian horses are all wisely permitted to wear long tails as a partial defence against flies and gnats. A nicely-matched pair, quite sound, young, and well broken for pleasure driving, can be purchased for three hundred dollars or less.—*"Due North," by M. M. Ballou.*

THE SECRET OF A HAPPY DAY.

Just to let thy Father do, what he will;
Just to know that he is true, and be still.
Just to follow hour by hour, as he leadeth;
Just to draw the moment's power, as it needeth.
Just to trust him, that is all!
Then the day will surely be
Peaceful, whatsoe'er befall,
Bright and blessed, calm and free.
—*Selected.*

MRS. CARR'S DOCTOR.

"By the fireside tragedies are acted,
In whose scenes appear two actors only—
Wife and husband—
And above them God, the sole spectator.

"Each man's chimney is *his golden* milestone;
Is the central point, from which he measures
Every distance
Through the gateways of the world around him."

The curtain is again drawn, and we look in upon a large, comfortably-furnished bed-chamber. The bed is curtained round so that we cannot get a glimpse of the occupant. Presently a noble loooking man enters; he quietly loops back the bed-hangings, and draws up the window-curtains so that the sunlight shines in.

A young, fragile-looking woman welcomes him with a smile. She raises her babe of a few days old, and holds him with a look of pride towards the father. While he tenderly caresses it he inquires what the doctor orders her for support? "Oh! plenty of wine and porter; but, Frank," she exclaims, "I am afraid to take it lest I should grow too fond of it!" This fragile mother needed tender care; so her husband answered soothingly: "There is no danger of my pure little wife becoming a drunkard."

Mrs. Carr besought the doctor to give her something else that would strengthen her, but he was of the old school of physicians, and knew of no equivalent for wine and beer. The one would nourish her blood, the other make milk. Mrs. Carr did not grow strong quickly. She had been too near the grave for that, so her strengthening drinks were continued until her babe was many months old.

After using it so long she felt weary and jaded without it; so in the forenoon she had a glass of ale with her luncheon, wine at dinner, and a glass after retiring for the night.

Her husband saw nothing wrong in this. He took as much himself, and felt no desire for more. Fortune smiled upon them. Mr. Carr's courtesy, talents, and steady business habits won him many friends. All classes respected him, and some envied him his success.

Mrs. Carr was still a pretty woman, holding her husband's affections, and having no earthly wish ungratified. It was not until the birth of their third child that a cloud was seen which in a short time was to banish peace and joy from their home.

Outsiders noticed it and guessed the cause before Mr. Carr dreamt of evil. He wondered, it is true, that his gentle wife should at times act unreasonably and cross, that the servants remained so short a time with them, and that his children were sometimes in a rather neglected-looking condition. One evening Mr. Carr invited a few friends to supper. He told his wife in the morning, and expected when he came home to dinner to find things in a forward state of preparation. Usually Mrs. Carr got up very nice little suppers, she proving a graceful hostess, and by her ease and kindly tact making her visitors feel at home. Imagine his surprise when he entered the house to find no servant, and no dinner ready for him.

Asking his little daughter where her mamma was, he entered the nursery. Lying *on the floor*, with flushed face and disordered dress, was his wife. At first he thought she must be ill, but on trying to arouse her the fumes of beer told him a sadder tale.

With a groan he lifted her to the sofa, and then, moving to his child, questioned her in regard to the servant. Annie replied "that mamma and Mary quarrelled, when the latter said 'she would not stop another hour in the house,' had packed her box, and, saying 'she would return for it,' went out." Mr. Carr hardly knew what to do in regard to the expected guests; but there was still one postal delivery before night, and he would write them that his wife's illness prevented his receiving them that night.

While Mr. Carr entertained his children he thought seriously of his unexpected trouble. His wife loved him and her children; for their sakes she would see it to be her duty to abstain altogether from the use of intoxicants. The servant returned before dark, feeling sorry for the little ones left with their helpless mother. She confessed that when the cellar was locked Mrs. Carr had frequently sent her out to buy drink. Her headaches, bad-temper, and servants leaving were all the result of her drinking. Bidding the servant tell no one of his wife's weakness, he promised her a reward for her faithfulness in telling him the truth. He sat alone with his wife while she slept off her heavy doze of beer. She awoke to find her husband pale and sad at her side. With deep shame, she confessed her weakness, adding, while sobs choked her utterance: "O Frank! I would never have come to this but *for the doctor's orders.*" Mr. Carr told her she could reform. She must not touch a stimulant, and she would soon overcome her liking for it. She gently pleaded that he would banish it for ever from the house; but he replied "that it was no temptation to him, and he was sure she would readily overcome her desire for it."

For several months she was on her guard, adorning her home and training her children in the fear of God. All this time Mr. Carr took his moderate allowance, and when visitors were present wines were on the table. Mr. Carr did not dream that the sight and smell were a strong temptation to his wife. Alas! too strong. Again she fell, and when the cellar was locked she pawned her jewels to procure strong drink, and drank until she was delirious. To drown his sorrow her husband indulged more freely than his wont. Now and again he would awake to a consciousness of the fact that there would be a sad end to their happiness if both drank. When his wife was sober she would weep bitter tears, and on bended knees seek help to break the chains which bound her; but her husband did not banish it from their home, and the sight and smell of it would break down all good resolves. It was terrible to see the once lovely, refined woman changed into a raging fiend. Things gradually reached a climax. Mr. Carr neglected his business, friends deserted him, and piece by piece his property went from him. A true friend told Mr. Carr his duty, persuaded him to take the pledge with his wife, to sell the remainder of their property, and to remove to a distant town. Away from old associations, with a bitter sense of their weakness and dependence upon God, they began life anew. While things were in this hopeful state another child was born. Mrs. Carr did not grow strong after the birth of her babe, and one night when her husband was from home she felt herself dying. A messenger was despatched for him, but he did not reach home in time to see her die. Her last words were: "Tell my husband that God has forgiven me; that he must train our children in the strictest temperance principles, and strive to meet me in that land where there is no sin and no temptation." So ended while still young the life of one who promised to be an ornament to society and a blessing to all around her. Alas! how many blighted homes there are through the doctor's orders.—*National Temperance Advocate.*

HOW TO EDUCATE YOURSELF.

BY AMOS M. KELLOGG.

Those who undertake to educate themselves are apt to make mistakes. The reason is that they have no one to tell them what they must do, and how they must do it. If you do not do your work well at school a teacher will correct you; but when you are by yourself you are apt to become careless. Not having the companionship of others you get discouraged. As a great many boys and girls undertake to educate themselves and fail from these two causes I must warn you.

Think a great deal. The reason I say this is because thinking cures carelessness. In fact, it is not the studies I have given you that educate you, it is the thinking you do concerning them. So *you must think a great deal about your studies.* For example, you have your writing-book before you, and are writing the word man, you must think as you write; and after you have written the word you must ask yourself if the *m* is like that in the copy, so you must proceed as to the *a* and the *n*. Then write the word again and again, compare your writing with your copy.

After you have solved a problem in your arithmetic, you must go over the process and tell yourself why you took the steps you did; why you multiplied here and why you divided there. If you are alone you can point with your pencil and explain the steps aloud as though some one was listening.

After you have read your history and geography you should tell yourself all you can remember, if you cannot tell yourself but a little, you must read it over again. If you can get some one to talk to, tell him what you read in your history.

Besides this, you should write about what you read. When you have read in your reader or the newspapers think it over and write what you can remember.

Get some one to mark the mis spelled words; copy those words into a little book, and punish *yourself* for mis-spelling by copying each one ten times.

If you think and work and work and think you will succeed. So you must try every night to have a time to think over what you have learned during the day. Begin with your penmanship and think what you wrote and whether it looks like the *copy. Think of your arithmetic*, the problems you solved and why you did them in the way you did. Think over your reading in geography and history. Think of what you read in the newspaper.

After you have gone along a while you will get discouraged; yes, you surely will, some of your companions will laugh at you and say they "*are going to have a good* time and not spend their time over musty books." They will tell you of the "fun" they had here and there. You will feel lonely and get discouraged. I shall advise you to try to find others who are educating themselves, if you can; to meet with them will encourage you. Then go to a teacher or minister and *ask questions* about what you do not understand. They will help you. I used to go once a week to a minister two miles distant, after I had worked twelve hours a day, to get help in my Latin reader. I always came back with a lighter heart.—*Treasure Trove.*

WHO IS YOUR MASTER?

Some months ago, five little boys were busily employed, one Saturday afternoon, tidying up the garden at the back of their house, receiving now and then kind words of advice and encouragement from their father, who was preparing part of the grounds for seeds. All went well for an hour or so, until, hearing some dispute, I went out to settle it if I could.

"Well, what is the matter, Fred?" I asked the eldest boy.

"David wants to drive as well as Charley," he replied, placing a basket of stones on the make-believe cart.

"Well, Charley, why not let your brother be master with you?" I expected an answer from the young driver; but after glancing at me to ascertain whether I spoke in earnest or not, little Philip (the horse) pulled the bit from his mouth, and said: "Well, David, how silly you are! How can I have two masters? The one would say 'Gee,' and the other 'Whoa,' then what a muddle there would be!"

I perceived the wisdom of the child's remark, so I arranged some other plan whereby little David was happily engaged, and then left the garden. But the boy's words reminded me of the words of the Lord Jesus: "No man can serve two masters." Dear boys and girls, you cannot have both Christ and Satan for your master. "Choose you this day whom ye will serve."

ARE YOU SAFE?

Two little girls were playing with their dolls in a corner of the nursery, and singing, as they played,

Safe in the arms of Jesus,
Safe on his gentle breast,
There by his love o'ershaded
Sweetly my soul shall rest.

Mother was busy writing, only stopping now and then to listen to the little one's talk unobserved by them.

"Sister, how do you know you are safe?" said Nellie, the younger of the two.

"Because I am holding Jesus with both my two hands—tight!" promptly replied sister.

"Ah! that's not safe," said the other child. "Suppose Satan came along and cut your two hands off!"

Little sister looked very troubled for a few moments, dropped poor dolly and thought deeply. Suddenly her face shone with joy, and she cried out:

"Oh, I forgot! I forgot! Jesus is holding me with his two hands, and Satan can't cut his off; so I am safe!"

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Question Corner.—No. 11.

BIBLE QUESTIONS.

1. What plant in the parable of Jotham is represented as challenging the cedars of Lebanon?
2. What thorny shrub did Micah complain that the best of men were like?
3. What plant beside cassia did Ezekiel say was in the markets of Tyre?
4. What plant beside the myrrh and aloe does the Psalmist mention when prophesying of the majesty and grace of Christ's kingdom?
5. Of what wood was David's house built?

SCRIPTURE MOTTO ACROSTIC.

1. The sea where the Apostles were fishing after the Resurrection.
2. A young gleaner.
3. An animal spoken of by Job.
4. The woman who told a falsehood to Peter.
5. Paul's native city.
6. The traitor apostle.
7. The Jew in whom was no guile.
8. A king who sent cedars to Solomon.
9. The new name God gave to Jacob.
10. One of the three men thrown into the fiery furnace.

ANSWERS TO BIBLE QUESTIONS NO. 6

1. Almond. Jer. 1: 11.
2. Almug. 1 Kings 10: 12.
3. Anise. Matt 23: 23.
4. Apple. Pro. 25: 11.
5. Barley. Ruth 2: 17.
6. Box. Isa. 9: 13.

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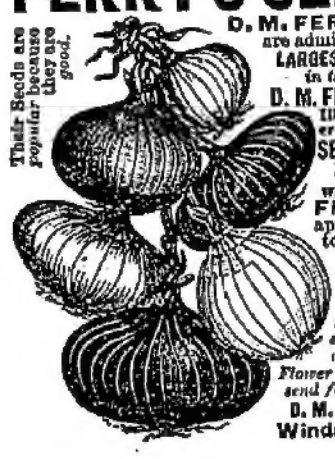

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